THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 65.

TO THE EDITOR.

Uratur vestis amore tuæ.—OVID.

IT grieves me to remark what rapid strides *fashion* makes towards *immodesty*. Not a month elapses without material alterations in, and, frequently, defalcations from, the dresses of the fair sex. It behoves me, therefore, as a friend to decorum, to give my sentiments freely on the subject, which I shall certainly do without fear or hesitation. The chief end of dress, in this age of refinement, seems to be more for ostentation than utility; taking which for granted (and few people, I believe, will have the effrontery to object to the assertion,) I shall first mention what effect the present female fashion has on *my* feelings. One of the peculiar charms of woman is modesty, deprived of which their sex becomes less estimable than my own. Nature may be profuse in the gifts of beauty, but when those donations are too amply displayed, they soon become cheap, and destitute of attraction; nay, the very exhibition of them breeds disgust in a mind endued with the least degree of delicacy. What shall we say, then, of our *present* fashions, in which females (when *full* dressed,—or, in other words, scarcely dressed at all) appear in public with uncovered bosoms? or, if not precisely so, at least with a thin translucent covering? Well would it be for them, did they but follow the advice given the New Testament.

" Let not your adorning be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

And in another place it is said, " In like manner also, that women should adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

Exclusive of the *indelicacy* of our modern fashionables, it may not be improper to remind them of the *danger* attached to such habits. How comes it (let me ask them) that the fatal *consumption* has, of late years, swayed with such unremitting and unprecedented violence? The answer is obvious; for what can be expected from exposing female delicacy to the various and rigorous changes of our climate! A climate, in which even those of Herculean constitutions are not exempt from the consequent inconveniences of sudden atmospherical mutations! Thus much of *full dress*, (as it is paradoxically called), and now for a few words on *walking* dresses. The *go* at present is an enormous profusion of *fur*; insomuch, that it requires no trivial degree of ocular discrimination to decide (at the distance of fifty yards) whether you see a sweet damsel of seventeen, or the unlicked cub of a bear. As to appearance, it is certainly unbecoming; and, as to propriety, I shall request the learned Dr. A. F. M. Willich to give me a lift.

" All kinds of fur," says he, " are more noxious than useful, both with respect to their structure and constituent parts. They contain many alkaline and oily particles; they are generally too compact and unequal on the surface; they too much stimulate and increase perspiration, by promoting the access of humours to the skin; they do not allow the perspirable matter to escape, soon acquire an intolerable smell, and, more than any substance, attract and retain contagious effluvia. Experience informs us that nations, who dress in fur, particularly in hot countries, are frequently exposed to diseases, owing to a want of cleanliness and free perspiration; such are the putrid fevers of Hungary, the plague among the Turks, and the singular disease of the hair in Poland, called *plica Polonica*, which curls the whole hair in a number of twists, that have the appearance of so many greasy strings, and afford a ghastly spectacle."

But it may be asked, what substitute can be found, in this cold and dreary season, for fur? I answer, " Flannel." A good comfortable flannel petticoat!—And here, again, Dr. Willich shall be my champion; for I am no doctor myself, nor ever likely to be one as long as I live.

" I

"I am of opinion that flannel is a better preventive against contagion than any other; because, while it encourages perspiration, it at the same time removes the inhaled poisonous particles, particularly if, in cases of danger, perspiration be increased by other suitable means. Hence people, wearing flannel on their skin, never suffer from cold. I have been informed, that the manufacturers in the different founderies of Birmingham, as well as at the ironworks of Colebrook Dale and Kettley, in the most intense heat, wear no other but flannel shirts; and that, without these, it would be impossible to prevent continual colds, and the most fatal diseases."

Upon the whole, it appears, (from the Dr's. and the right honourable opinion of your most obedient,) that two yards of flannel are intrinsically worth more than a whole cargo of bear-skins, or skins of any other description whatever.

A becoming attention to elegance in dress is laudable; but when the effects of such attention approximate to indelicacy, or render the wearer obnoxious to disease, they appear odious to every lover of a sex, whom

——————"Nature made
To temper man."

In offering these remarks I have acted the part of a sincere friend; for had I *not* been such, I should not have interfered in a circumstance that so materially affects their health and character.

Your's, Mr. Editor, truly,

X.

VILLAGE BURIALS.

[From the third Edition of Poems by the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.B.]

(Continued from Page 165.)

DEATH has his infant train; his bony arm
Strikes from the baby-cheek the rosy charm;
The brightest eye his glazing film makes dim,
And his cold touch sets fast the lithest limb;
He seiz'd the sick'ning boy to Gerard lent,*
When three days' life, in feeble cries, were spent;
In pain brought forth, those painful hours to stay,
To breathe in pain and sigh its soul away!

* A poor husbandman, mentioned in another of Mr. Crabbe's poems, who had a larger family than he could comfortably maintain.

" But why thus lent, if thus recall'd again,
To cause and feel, to live and die in, pain?"
Or rather say, why grievous these appear,
If all it pays for Heaven's eternal year;
If these sad sobs and piteous sighs secure
Delights that live, when worlds no more endure?
The sister-spirit long may lodge below,
And pains from nature, pains from reason, know;
Thro' all the common ills of life may run,
By hope perverted and by love undone;
A wife's distress, a mother's pangs, may dread,
And widow-tears, in bitter anguish, shed;
May at old age arrive through numerous harms,
With children's children in those feeble arms;
Nor 'till by years of want and grief opprest,
Shall the sad spirit flee and be at rest!
Yet happier therefore shall we deem the boy,
Secur'd from anxious care and dangerous joy?
Not so! for then would love divine, in vain
Send all the burthens weary men sustain!
All that now curb the passions when they rage,
The checks of youth and the regrets of age;
All that now bid us hope, believe, endure,
Our sorrow's comfort and our vice's cure;
All that for Heaven's high joys the spirits train,
And charity, the crown of all, were vain.
Blest is the nurseling never taught to sing,
But thrust untimely from its mother's wing;
Or the grown warbler, who, with grateful voice,
Sings its own joy and makes the grove rejoice;
Because, ere yet he charm'd th' attentive ear,
Hard were his trials and his pains severe!
Next died the lady who yon hall possess'd,
And here they brought her noble bones to rest.
In town she dwelt; forsaken stood the hall,
Worms ate the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall;
No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd,
No cheerful light the long-clos'd sash convey'd!
The crawling worm that turns a summer-fly,
Here spun his shroud and laid him up to die
The winter-death; upon the bed of state,
The batt shrill-shrieking woo'd his flickering mate;
To empty rooms the curious came no more,
From empty cellars turn'd the angry poor,
And surly beggars curs'd the ever-bolted door.
To one small room the steward found his way,
Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay;

Yet

Yet no complaint before the lady came,
The feeling servant spar'd the feeble dame;
Who saw her farms with his observing eyes,
And answer'd all requests with his replies;
She came not down, her falling groves to view,
Why should she know, what one so faithful knew?
Why come, from many clamorous tongues to hear
What one so just might whisper in her ear?
Her oaks or acres, why with care explore,
Why learn the wants, the sufferings of the poor,
When one so knowing all their worth could trace,
And one so piteous govern'd in her place?
Lo! now, what dismal sons of darkness come,
To bear this daughter of indulgence home;
Tragedians all and well arrang'd in black!
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake their sables in the wearied eye,
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean!
The tear for kindness past affection owes,
For worth deceas'd the sigh from reason flows;
E'en well feign'd passion for our sorrows call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall;
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Unlike the darkness of the sky, that pours
On the dry ground its fertilizing showers!
Unlike to that which strikes the soul with dread,
When thunders roar and forky fires are shed;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects, tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.
When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms appear,
And oh! how needless, when the woe's sincere.
Slow to the vault they come with heavy tread,
Bending beneath the lady and her lead;
A case of elm surrounds that ponderous chest,
Close on that case the crimson velvet's press'd;
Ungenerous this, that to the worm denies,
With niggard-caution his appointed prize;
For now, ere yet he works his tedious way,
Thro' cloth and wood and metal to his prey;
That prey dissolving shall a mass remain,
That fancy loaths and worms themselves disdain.
But see! the master-mourner makes his way,
To end his office for the coffin'd clay;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd that our rustic men and maids behold
His plate like silver, and his studs like gold;
As they approach to spell the age, the name,
And all the titles of th' illustrious dame.
This as (my duty done) some scholar read,
A village-father look'd disdain and said:
" Away, my friends! why take such pains to know
What some brave marble soon in church shall show?
Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,
But how she liv'd the blessing of the land;
How much we all deplor'd the noble dead,
What groans we utter'd and what tears we shed;
Tears, true as those, which in the sleepy eyes
Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise:
Tears, true as those, which, ere she found her grave,
The noble lady to our sorrows gave."
Down by the church-way walk, and where the brook
Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook,
In that small house, with those green pales before,
Where jess'mine trails on either side the door,
Where those dark shrubs that now grow wild at will,
Were clipt in form and tantaliz'd with skill,
Where cockles blanched and pebbles neatly spread,
Form'd shining borders for the larkspurs' bed,—
There liv'd a lady, wise, austere, and nice,
Who shew'd her virtue by her scorn of vice;
In the dear fashions of her youth she dress'd,
A pea-green Joseph was her favourite vest;
Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean.
There long she liv'd in maiden state immur'd,
From looks of love and treacherous man secur'd,
Tho' evil fame—(but that was long before)
Had blown her dubious blast at Catharine's door;
A captain thither, rich from India came,
And though a cousin call'd, it touch'd her fame;
Her annual stipend rose from his behest,
And all the long-priz'd treasures she possess'd.
If aught like joy a while appear'd to stay,
In that stern face and chace those frowns away,
'Twas when her treasures she dispos'd for view,
And heard the praises to their splendour due;
Silks beyond price, so rich they'd stand alone,
And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone;
Rows of rare pearls by curious workmen set,
And bracelets fair in box of glossy jet;
Bright polish'd amber, precious from its size,
Or forms, the fairest fancy could devise;

Her drawers of cedar shut with secret springs,
Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;
Letters, long proofs of love and verses fine
Round the pink'd rims of crisped Valentine.
Her china-closet, cause of daily care,
For woman's wonder held her pencill'd ware;
That pictur'd wealth of china and japan,
Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.
Her neat small room, adorn'd with maiden-taste,
A clipt French puppy first of favourites grac'd;
A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art,
(For Poll, when living, lost the lady's heart,
And then his life; for he was heard to speak
Such frightful words as ting'd his lady's cheek;)
Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,
Save by such speech, his gratitude and love.
A grey old cat his whiskers lick'd beside,
A type of sadness in the house of pride.
The polish'd surface of an India chest,
A glassy globe, in frame of ivory, prest;
Where swam two finny creatures, one of gold,
Of silver one, both beauteous to behold;
All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit,
The beast well-manner'd and the fishes mute.
A widow'd aunt was there, compell'd by need,
The nymph to flatter and her tribe to feed,
Who, veiling well her scorn, endur'd the clog,
Mute as the fish, and fawning as the dog.
As years increas'd, these treasures her delight,
Arose in value in their owner's sight;
A miser knows that, view it as he will,
A guinea kept is but a guinea still,
And so he puts it to its proper use,
That something more this guinea may produce;
But silks and rings in the possessor's eyes,
The oft'ner seen, the more in value rise,
And thus are wisely hoarded to bestow,
On pride that governs, pleasure that will grow.
But what avail'd their worth—if worth had they—
In the sad summer of her slow decay?
Then we beheld her turn an anxious look
From trunks and chests, and fix it on her book;
A rich-bound book of prayer the captain gave,
(Some princess had it, or was said to have,)
And then once more on all her stores look round,
And draw a sigh so piteous and profound,
That told, "Alas! how hard from these to part,
And for new hopes and habits form the heart!

What

What shall I do (she cried) my peace of mind,
To gain in dying and to die resign'd?"
" Hear," we return'd; " these bawbles cast aside,
Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride;
Thy closets shut and ope thy kitchen's door,
There own thy failings, here invite the poor;
A friend of mammon let thy bounty make,
For widow's prayers, thy vanities forsake,
And let the hungry of thy pride partake;
Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey,
The angel mercy tempering death's delay!"
Alas! 'twas hard; the treasures still had charms,
Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms,
Still was the same unsettled, clouded view,
And the same plaintive cry, " What shall I do?"
Nor change appear'd; for, when her race was run,
Doubtful we all exclaim'd, " What has been done!"
Apart she liv'd and still she lies alone,
Yon earthly heap awaits the flattering stone,
On which invention shall be long employ'd
To shew the various worth of Catharine Lloyd.

(To be continued.)

TRAGICAL EFFECTS *of* JEALOUSY.

(Concluded from Page 169.)

WHILE he was on the way to Marseilles, his wife, who remained at Pisa, continued to act the part she had assumed. She was continually talking of her poverty, though her husband had left her more than sufficient to supply all her wants during his absence. Every body pitied her condition, while she had no other sorrow than what she thought necessary to affect.

Fazio exchanged his gold for good bills on opulent bankers of Pisa, on which he wrote to his wife that he had sold his bars, and was on his way home. This letter Valentina shewed to her relations, her acquaintance, and all who chose to read it. Every body was thrown into the utmost astonishment. Most still doubted of the reality of Fazio's good fortune, when he himself arrived at Pisa.

He appeared with an air of triumph, and related to all the world the success which had crowned his chemical researches, not forgetting to add that his bars had been tried and proved to be genuine gold of the purest quality. These verbal testimonies of his luck he supported by irrefragable evidence, and

received of his banker nine thousand gold dollars in hard cash. A proof of this kind silenced all doubts and objections. His story was related from house to house, and his profound knowledge in the mysterious science of the transformation of metals was universally extolled. The same man, who a few months before had been declared a downright fool, was now exalted by the very same people to the rank of a philosopher; and Fazio enjoyed at the same time the twofold gratification of being honoured for his wealth and his learning.

He had now no farther occasion to conceal his opulence, and enjoyed it to his satisfaction. He discharged the mortgages upon his farm, purchased a title at Rome, in order to unite rank with riches, bought a magnificent house and a couple of villas, and placed the remainder of his money in the hands of a rich merchant at an interest of ten per cent.

He now kept two men servants, two maids, and according to the custom of the age, two saddle-horses, one for his own use and the other for his wife. Thus both enjoyed the pleasure of knowing that they were rich,—a pleasure which is far more keenly relished by those who have before languished in indigence. Valentina, who was now much too fine a lady to superintend her domestic concerns herself, took into her house, with the consent of her husband, an old and very ugly female relation, together with her daughter, who was young and handsome.

Fazio, in order to live in every respect on the footing of a gentleman (the *bon ton* of Pisa being probably at that time the same which now a-day prevails in many other large cities), now resolved to keep a mistress. He cast his eyes on the daughter of his wife's old relation, who, as we have already observed, was very handsome. Adelaide was just in the age of love and coquetry, when one of these is more than sufficient to lead a young female into folly. She lent a willing ear to Fazio, and the connection between them soon became so intimate that he embroiled himself with his wife. Before Valentina had discovered or obtained positive proofs of his infidelity, Fazio had squandered a considerable sum upon his beloved Adelaide.

Valentina was very jealous of her rights, and she was vexed to see them in the hands of another. The seeds of discord were sown between them. Valentina naturally grew peevish, and Adelaide saucy. One day they had such a violent quarrel that Valentina turned the old housekeeper and her daughter out of doors. Fazio, on his return home, was highly indignant at this usage, which only served to strengthen his passion for Adelaide, for whom he hired a convenient lodging. Valentina, who was naturally of a very violent temper, could no longer restrain her rage.

Fazio, having in vain tried all possible means to pacify or to deceive her, repaired to his country-house, and sent for Adelaide thither. On the receipt of this intelligence, Valentina, who, in the explosions of her jealousy was more like a fury than a woman, conceived the most atrocious design. Without reflecting on the fatal consequences with which such a step would infallibly be attended, she resolved to accuse her husband before the magistrates, as the murderer of Grimaldi. This horrible idea she immediately put in execution, and Fazio, who was enjoying delicious moments with his mistress, little dreamt of the storm which was gathering over his head.

The magistrates having examined the deponent respecting all the circumstances of the case, sent people to dig in Fazio's cellar. The relics of Grimaldi were found, and the wretched Fazio was torn from Adelaide's arms to be conveyed to prison. He, at first, denied every thing; but on being confronted with his wife, who was produced as his accuser, he exclaimed—"Wretch, had I loved you less, you would not have known my secret; out of affection for you I was weak, and you have brought me to this situation." The torture, so dangerous to persons unjustly accused, extorted from Fazio a confession of all he had done, as well as of what he had not done. He acknowledged that he had murdered Grimaldi, though he was perfectly innocent of the crime; the sentence passed upon him was that his property should be confiscated, and himself publicly executed.

Valentina, as soon as she was dismissed, returned to her house, and was not a little surprised to find it occupied by the officers of justice, who had even driven her children out of their home. This new misfortune was sufficient to plunge her into despair. Her heart was already wrung with remorse; for as soon as her revenge was gratified, her eyes were opened, she saw all the indiscreet precipitation of her conduct, and was sensible of the abyss of misery in which she had involved herself. Her soul was racked with anguish and remorse. She ran about with dishevelled hair, and in a state bordering on distraction, implored the judges to set at liberty her husband, whom she had herself delivered over to the axe of the executioner. The sight of her children but augmented the agony of her conscience.

This melancholy affair was the subject of general conversation. Valentina, abhorred by herself, enjoyed not even the consolation of exciting pity. She was hated and avoided like a ravenous beast, both by relatives and acquaintance.

Fazio meanwhile fell a victim to the cruel destiny she had prepared for him. He was conducted through the principal streets to the place of execution. He mounted the scaffold with great fortitude, protested his innocence, and cursed the

jealousy

jealousy of his wife. The sentence of the law was executed, and his body, as usual in such cases, was exhibited on the scaffold to the populace. Rage and despair had meanwhile inspired Valentina with the most horrible of all deeds. Taking her two children by the hand, she drew them hastily along to the place of execution. She rushed through the crowd who made way for her, and loaded her with execrations.

But Valentina heard them not. She reached the foot of the scaffold. With her children she ascended the fatal steps, as if for the purpose of once more embracing the corpse of her husband. Valentina led her children close to the bleeding body, and commanded them to embrace their dead father. At this sight, and at the cries of the wretched children, all the spectators melted into tears. But the maddened mother, having suddenly pierced the bosom of one with a dagger, rushed upon the other, and extended him lifeless besides his brother. A general cry of horror rent the air. The people hastened to secure her; but she had already stabbed herself with the same dagger, and sunk lifeless on the bodies of her husband and children.

The sight of the two murdered children, and of the mother swimming in her blood, filled the bosoms of all the by-standers with mingled sentiments of pity and abhorrence. Astonishment and dejection took possession of the minds of all the inhabitants of Pisa; and the whole city wore the appearance of some general public calamity. They traversed the streets in gloomy silence, and fresh crowds were continually thronging to the scaffold where the blood of the innocent children was mingled with that of the unhappy parents. Even the most obdurate hearts were not proof against the rising emotions of compassion.

The judges, moved with pity, permitted the family to inter the bodies of the parents out of the city. The two children were buried in the church of St. Catharine. The tradition of this melancholy catastrophe has been preserved to this day at Pisa, where the unhappy sufferers are still spoken of with sympathy.

Description of the interior Parts of Guinea.

[From Lind's Account of the Diseases of Hot Climates.]

SOME idea may be formed of the rude state of the interior parts of Guinea in general, from the account of a factory, related to me by a medical gentleman, who accompanied the first detachment of British troops which were sent to take possession of it.

On their arrival they found a small fort, built on an eminence, at a winding of the river; the country on both sides of the river was low, and covered with thick woods, except for a space of half a mile round the fort; and on one side it was inhabited by blacks, and the other by Arabs, who, during the dry season, wandered thither with their flocks for pasturage. Here all nature seemed to be at enmity with man. They were prevented from walking in the woods by tigers, who were so daring as often at night to attempt scaling the walls of the fort; and if by going armed, or in small parties, they should escape these, yet they were exposed to the bites of venomous serpents, of different kinds, and many of a most extraordinary size; the shores of the river swarmed with crocodiles; the earth had its white ants, the air its wild bees, its sand-flies, and its mosquitoes. These insects, though not the most tremendous, were perhaps their most distressing enemies. The ants devoured almost every article either of provision or apparel; scarce any precaution could elude their art; they raised a hollow cylinder of earth perpendicularly towards their object, and through it, as by a ladder, ascended in thousands; they were one of the greatest torments to the sick of that climate, and would reach the bed in a night's time, though hung at a distance from the ground; when their bites, like scalding water poured upon the skin, were more intolerable than the disease itself.

The sand-flies and mosquitoes were exceeding numerous, and would have been esteemed severe plagues, had not yet one more severe occurred; the wild bees, who swarmed in such numbers as to darken the air, and often hived in their rooms. Once or twice in a summer they were visited by a swarm of locusts, who came from the east like a thick cloud, and ate up every thing that was green; but this was only a temporary inconvenience, as in eight or ten days the earth was clothed with a new verdure, and the trees put forth new leaves."

The whole animal creation here attained an unusual degree of perfection. Droves of elephants, and ostriches of a large size, frequently came down to the fort; the baboons were so numerous, that they made them their principal amusement; they clothed them with the regimentals of the soldiers who died, they made them walk erect, by tying their two fore-feet behind them, and in some respects even made them serve them in their houses.

The sultry heat of the weather was almost intolerable, even the night could not be deemed cool; and, when the wind came from the desert, it scorched like a blast from the mouth of an oven. Annually the country was subject to an inundation of the river, from the heavy rains which fall periodically in that climate; these continued for several months, and laid the coun-

try,

try, for a great extent, under water; when the little fort, defended by its high wall, appeared like a small island in the midst of the sea. This was the season of sickness, and it swept off nearly one half their number; during it, the slightest irregularity or intemperance was productive of death; a company would one night meet and be merry, and the next, be the greatest part of them in their graves.

The expectation of being relieved at the end of a twelvemonth made this wretched life supportable; but unfortunately next season the mortality was so great amongst the soldiers sent from Senegal to relieve them, that not above three or four reached the fort alive, the rest died on their passage up the river. It was therefore impossible for the poor remains of the former garrison to quit it, and they were obliged to drag out in it another year, yet more tedious than the former; when the very few who remained alive were sent back to Senegal with ruined constitutions.

Some miners were since sent to this place from England, in order to instruct the natives in a proper method of working their gold mines; but were all cut off, partly by the natives, but mostly by the climate.

Account of the Drowning of the Senate of Jesuits.

THERE is to be found, in a book entitled—"Interets et Maximes des Princes et des Etate Souverains, Par M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666,"—an anecdote concerning the jesuits; so much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf or Vertot have noticed it in their histories, though its authority cannot be higher. It was probably unknown to them.

When Sigismond, king of Sweden, was elected king of Poland, he made a treaty with the states of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. In the course of time, being constrained by the wars he had with the Ottoman court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, to remain in Poland, to animate, by his presence, the wars he held with such powerful enemies; he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this, in some shape, by the advice of the jesuits, who had gained the ascendant over him, he created a senate, which was to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour, and presented them with letters-patent, by which he clothed them with the royal authority.

While this senate of jesuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that they should receive them as his own royal person. A public

council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismond, the prelates, and the lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But, in a private council, they came to very contrary resolutions, for the prince said, he could not bear that a senate of priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many princes and lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this holy senate. It was then the archbishop rose and said—"Since Sigismond has disdained to be our king, so also we must not acknowledge him such; and from this moment we should no more consider ourselves his subjects. His authority is in *suspenso*, because he has bestowed it on the jesuits who form this senate. The people have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption of the other, I dispense you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swedish subjects." When he had said this, the prince of Bithynia, addressing himself to Prince Charles, uncle of the king, said—"I own no other king than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to drive these vermin from the state." All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this senate in their entry into the harbour, who were on board a great galleon, which they had caused to cast anchor two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fire-works they had prepared would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty vessels, appeared before the senate. Wheeling about, and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galleon was immediately filled with water, and sunk, without one of the unfortunate jesuits being assisted; on the contrary, they cried to them that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan; and, if they chose, they could walk on the waters!

The report of the cannon, and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either the cries or the submersion of the holy fathers from being observed; and, as if they were conducting the senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung Te Deum; and, to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for the ill-fated senate.

The

The jesuits of the city of Stockholm having come, about midnight, to pay their respects to the fathers of the senate, perceived their loss; they directly posted up placards of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had caused the senate to perish. They solicited the people to rebel; but they were soon chased from the city, and Charles made a public profession of Lutheranism.

Sigismond, king of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1604, which lasted two years. Disturbed by the invasions of the Tartars, the Muscovites, and the Cossacks, a truce was concluded

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Wretched State of the Inns in Portugal.

[From a Work lately published, entitled " A Picture of Lisbon."]

A Stranger has scarcely landed at Lisbon, when a score of gallegos present themselves, and dispute who shall carry his luggage, which they take from him without ceremony; they traverse with rapid paces the streets, the alleys, and the squares; they climb, they ascend, they descend, and pass on without giving themselves any trouble to see whether the stranger is following them or not. They enter an inn of their own choosing, namely, that in which they are best paid for bringing a customer. The stranger follows with hastened steps; he arrives at the place of his destination, and finds himself housed and fixed for the night, without knowing where, without having had an opportunity to ask whither he was going, or intimating to what place he might wish to go.

Often his stomach is turned at the first sight of his new lodgings. Smoked walls, a greasy table, chairs which sink under the weight of his body, a wretched truckle-bed, of a still more inauspicious aspect, are the first objects that strike his attention. If he quits his cell, a dirty kitchen, with filthy utensils, a dresser never cleaned, four copper pots upon the fire, and a cook of the most squalid appearance, present themselves to his view. When the hour of repast arrives, he is accommodated with a napkin that has been eight days in use, an iron fork covered with grease and rust, cracked dishes, plates with their edges worn off by long service, a soup in which water is almost the only ingredient, a ragout which operates more powerfully than agreeably upon the olfactory nerves, a sauce in which salt is the only seasoning, a dish of roast meat burnt to a stick, served up on a table as dirty as the floor upon which it stands.

The stranger does not know where he is, he does not know where to go; he is acquainted with no one; he knows neither

the streets, nor any other inns; he is therefore obliged to remain where he is, 'till having made himself better acquainted with the town, he is able to provide himself with other accommodations.

Lisbon has a great number of inns, among which there is not a single good one; in some, the lodgers eat at the table d'hote, at a stated price; in others they take their meals where they please, and pay according to what they have.

Those of the former class are of different kinds, and differ in their charges. Two of these, which are the only tolerable good ones, are the Piedmontese and the Calcada da estrella. The charge is six testons, or about three shillings each meal. The fare is pretty good, but not adequate to the price which is charged. In these inns one is lodged a little more decently than in any of the rest; the charge for lodging varies according to the apartments one occupies; the lowest is two testons per day.

There are four or five in which the charge is four testons per meal, and two testons per day for lodging. You have here abundance to eat; but the victuals are very coarse and ordinary, and but very rarely well dressed. These inns are principally frequented by the captains of trading vessels.

In several the charge is three testons per meal, and six or eight vintems per day for lodging. In these the fare is very bad and uncleanly, the company are of the inferior order, and the apartments are wretched, almost without any furniture, and always dirty.

Those of the second class are very numerous; you may there have your choice of six or eight different dishes, each of which has its fixed price. Every one calls for what he chuses, and pays according to what he has. Nothing, however, of a delicate or elegant kind is to be had here; the ragouts are detestable, salt and water are almost their only sauce. Every thing is uncleanly and disgusting; so that a man must be very poor, very penurious, or very hungry, to induce him to resolve upon going to one of these places. In some of these inns, the charge for lodging is a teston per day; but the rooms are dark, bare, filthy, and disgusting; a chair, a crazy table, and a bed as dirty as the room and the kitchen, constitute almost the whole of their furniture. Almost all of these are kept by Portuguese.

The inns kept by Portuguese are the worst, those that have foreigners for their landlords are much better.

ARABIC

ARABIC PROVERBS.

THERE are persons who set out vigorously, but soon flag, and go back; like a star which promises rain, and immediately leaves the sky clear.

Every one living is cut down by death: happy is the man who is mowed down green!

Why are you displeased at the words of one who advises with sincerity; since such a person mends your torn clothes.

The cure of a proud man is performed by driving out his buzzing fly, and taking Satan out of his nostrils.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING that part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth when the earl of Essex was most in favour, his lordship had a disease in his foot, which baffled the skill of the first medical men in the metropolis, and his existence was despaired of. Dr. Marwood, of Honiton, a physician of the first eminence in the west of England, whose fame had reached the queen's ear, was sent for, and was fortunate enough to perform the cure; when her majesty desired the doctor might be introduced; which being done accordingly, she asked him what favour she could grant him, to satisfy him for the great cure he had accomplished. And the doctor being already possessed of an ample independence, which he had inherited from his ancestors and acquired by his profession, said, "If her majesty would grant him a favour (mentioning one of a very trivial nature), he should consider himself amply rewarded." But the queen, struck with his choice, declared he should accept of an estate near Honiton, as a reward; which property forms at present part of the immense landed property of James Thomas Benedictus Marwood, esq. of Avishays, in the county of Somerset, and Sutton, in the county of Devon, who is his lineal descendant.

A QUESTION, *taken from the Gentleman's Diary for the present Year, and inserted at the Request of a Correspondent.*

A Plank, whose breadth every way is 4 feet, lies on the floor of a square room, the length of which plank is the greatest possible.—Required the length of the plank, and the side of the room, when the area of the former is one-third of the latter.

Answer, by Hugh Trenchard, Junior, of Thorncombe, to T. H.'s Enigma, inserted January 2.

AN EGG, Sir, if I judge aright,
Will your enigma bring to sight.

† Similar answers have been received from F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Ball, at Everhot school; Eliza Beal, of Shepton Mallet; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. Woodman, of North Curry; John Melhuish, of Honiton; W. Petherick; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; T. Pearse, of Newton Abbot; T. Pearse, of Langham; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; G. S. of Egg Buckland; and H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

Answer, by J. Ball, at Evershot School, to Rusticus's Rebus, inserted January 2.

OTTERY, Sir, will make appear,
The town you mean in Devonshire.

☞ We have received the like answer from C. Dean, of Fair Mile, near Ottery; J. W. of Charmouth; S. Duck, and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; W. Petherick; and W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater.

A REBUS, *by R. Withall, of Plymouth.*

ONE of the furies first detect;
A town in Greece you must select;
An Indian plank you'll next declare;
And what doth help adorn the fair:
Now, Sirs, these parts aright combine,
A Jewish month you will define.

A CHARADE, *by W. Kent, near Camelford.*

TWO pronouns singular, when join'd,
An useful herb will bring to mind.

A CHARADE, *by J. Saunders, of Exeter.*

SURVEY Old Neptune's wide domain,
My first you quickly will obtain;
My next, when us'd with proper care,
Will, like my whole, my first ensnare.

A CHARADE, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

WHENE'ER my second is oblig'd to roam,
In the night season, from his native home,
May smiling Cynthia lend her cheering light,
And o'er my first conduct his footsteps right!
While twinkling stars in glory shine on high,
And with effulgence brighten all the sky.
Avaunt my whole! my second hurt no more,
Nor stain thy murd'rous hand with human gore;
Justice will overtake thee at the last,
And make thee suffer for offences past.

POETRY.

ELEGY,

Supposed to have been written in Woolwich Warren, on the Death of a Fellow-Soldier.

'TIS now the pensive hour of early night!
The moon-beam glistens on the passive wave!
Around the bat revolves his whirling flight,
And watch-words hoarsely break a silence of the grave.

Save where in feeble gusts the hollow wind
Bears to the heart the seaman's hollow cry!
And hark! (sweet music to the wistful mind!)
The distant plaintive chimes in solemn pauses die.

Hapless the day, when fraught with cruel speed
Relentless fate the warrior's eyelids clos'd!
Unknown, unwail'd he fell; and doom'd to bleed,
Far from the shores belov'd, where every wish repos'd;

Far from that widow'd bed, where dreams of fright
Embitter'd joys, that hope presented still;
Far from those eyes that wak'd so oft at night,
Dim with a fervent tear, that wept some presag'd ill.

Here first, at early morn, with jocund air,
His smile contagious soften'd every pain:
His lightsome whistle banish'd peevish care,
And spoke the merry heart, and well-contented swain.

The iron load of toil on him was light,
And laughing stars did at his birth preside;
He mock'd the terrors of destructive fight,
And bless'd the glorious day when first his zeal was tried.

Whether, by duty call'd, he trod the waste,*
Where the dread thunder of the mortar flies;
Or, speeding homewards with paternal haste,
The busy crowded hearth illum'd the parent's eyes.

Tranquil his soul. At night the busy hum
Of garbling infants stunn'd the cricket's song:
Some on his knee he toss'd; while proudly some
Strutted the house, with sword and bayonet along.

Again the wonted tale of former days
Fix'd the fond ear of his complacent wife;
As still she heard, thro' many a wordy maze,
The thousand hair-breadth hazards of her husband's life.

She fear'd not yet the luckless cast of fate,
Nor dream'd of future grief and helpless need:
She heard him many a comrade's death relate,
But little thought she then, his own so soon decreed.

On foreign plains he lies! the wintry wind
Wails thro' the thorn o'er his sepulchral sod;
His bones these arms in their lone cell confin'd:
With patriots' spirit flown, his soul awaits her God!

A. B. E.

* Woolwich Common.

Lines written, in Autumn, 1805, on viewing the Remains of Allington Castle, near Maidstone, in Kent.

DEEP in the vale beneath, where autumn now
Shakes off the leafy sea, so late that cloth'd
The pensile woods that crown'd old Medway's stream,
Stand the remains of Allington. The hand
Of conqu'ring time has shaken e'en the base—
The massy walls, and the proverbial strength
Of ancient architecture, and has foil'd
The artist's utmost skill. There was a day,
When on the traveller's eye, a gallant shew,
Rose those storm-braving battlements; but fate,
That never spares the noblest work of man,
Is hast'ning on the hour, nor distant now,
When not a single vestige shall remain
To tell the eye where Allington once stood.

Plymouth-Dock. N. T. C.

THE FAREWELL.

GO, maid belov'd! in genial climes
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find,
Yet sometimes deign, in happier times,
To think on him you leave behind.

Your love, your fate, dear maid, to share,
Must never be my happy lot,
But you may grant this humble pray'r,
Forget me not, forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress,
Too painful for your feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think of me;

But Oh! if grief your steps attend,
If care, if sickness, be your lot,
And you require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not!

SONNET TO MORNING.

DEEP lowing murmurs wake the jocund day,
In paly fire quick gleams the spiral light;
The orient kindling sheds a silver ray,
And half unveils the landscape to the sight.

Night's shadows swiftly pass; the rosy morn
Blushing ascends from yon white fleecy bed;
The dew-drop, sparkling, trembles on the thorn,
The fragrant flower unfolds its beauteous head!

All nature smiles! the cheerful song of praise
Floats on the gale—wild warbled thro' the grove:
Man! silent, grateful adoration pays
Creation teems with life, and health, and love.

Blest inspiration! seeks the holy hour,
Pensive the poet soars, and owns her sacred pow'r.